

Barricade

by Scruffy Calhoun

Category: Half-Life

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2006-05-27 11:06:06

Updated: 2006-05-27 11:06:06

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:50:06

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 803

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: My second fic, this time for Opposing Force. A scientist has barricaded himself from two aliens and is rescued by a young corporal. Oneshot.

Barricade

Barricade

The old, balding scientist stood behind the makeshift barricade he had erected, which consisted of nothing more than two white folding tables and two wooden crates. He wasn't really scared anymore, just furious. Furious at whoever the hell made this mess. Furious at the goddamned soldiers and their cleanup operation, which involved killing anything that moved, alien or human. They were probably calling it a "peacekeeping" operation or something like that. Suprisingly, however, he wasn't noticeably angry at the creature which stood opposite the barricade, despite having witnessed it kill and partially devour his companion (whose name he'd never learned) several hours before, while he was moving one of the tables into place.

The four-foot tall brownish alien, apparently not having much of a taste for the other man, now stood just feet away, peering at the scientist, apparently studying him, or perhaps waiting him out. Its small, black eyes, one on each side of its head, never moved, though occasionally the creature would "clean" one of them with its arm. Each arm was about $\frac{3}{4}$ the length of the entire creature's body and ended in a long, extremely sharp spike; it took only one swipe to nearly cut his companion in half, whose body now lay in a massive pool of drying blood. The alien's two legs were obviously built for speed, considering the incredible pace at which it and another rounded the far corner. Had the scientist not been behind the barricade at that moment, he too would be dead. Not that he had any delusions about getting out alive anyway.

The other creature was standing at the opposite end of the hallway,

guarding the kill. The scientist regarded this with fascination; these creatures seemed to be quite intelligent, displaying pack hunting behavior remarkably similar to hyenas. The alien was apparently guarding against its three counterparts currently occupying the maintenance garage down the hall. There may have been more of them, he wasn't sure.

An electric whir sounded in the garage; someone was opening one of the doors. _Christ,_ the old man thought, _whoever that is won't know what hit them._ He heard a sharp pop, followed by two more.

Gunshots.

The aliens heard it as well. The nearest one turned toward the entrance, and both assumed a defense posture which apparently involved six spikes extending from orifices in their skulls. They did not move, but merely waited as the sounds of crates being smashed became louder, getting closer. A red laser shone on the wall, moving slowly towards the furthest alien. A soldier sporting a menacing gas mask and wielding a sidearm rounded the corner, causing the creature to emit a yelp of either surprise or aggression. Before it could react further the soldier fired, the sound reverberating inside the elevator shaft next to the hallway. The scientist cringed, reflexively bringing his hands to his ears. The impact from the high caliber round sent the beast flying backward, dispatched as easily as the others had apparently been. Then the alien near the barricade twitched and with incredible speed one of the spikes in its skull shot out toward the soldier, who barely managed to dodge it in time. The spike impacted the far concrete wall with a surprisingly loud _plink,_ and stuck there. The creature began to charge, but already it was too late; the soldier trained the laser sight directly on its spikes and fired, instantly dropping the creature which expired with a low gurgling sound.

Ears ringing, the scientist stood behind his barricade, not moving. While the threat from the two monsters was gone, this "keeper of the peace" was now inspecting the alien corpses, out of which thick, greenish-yellow blood oozed. Still, the old man felt only fury, not fear. For a moment he contemplated the fact that this soldier was alone. Had he been separated from his unit? Probably. Unlike the other soldiers he had seen, this man, a corporal Shephard, seemed lost. He didn't care. He glared at the corporal with contempt. The soldier looked into the elevator shaft, apparently looking for a way out. As he did so the scientist said to him, "I don't know what's worse, you soldiers under orders to silence the facility or these vile aliens!"

The corporal turned toward the scientist and cocked his head, his features concealed by the gas mask. He looked down, appearing to contemplate the barricade alien, now unmoving on the concrete floor. He stayed this way for several seconds, seeming to be giving the man's statement serious thought. With a slight sigh and nod, he looked back at the man.

"The aliens," he replied as he raised his weapon, aimed it between the old, bespectacled scientist's eyes and fired.

End

file.